In the Dead of the Night.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan in the Wedding-Day.

Printed and ſold by J. Davenport, 6 George's Court, St. John's Gate, Weſt Smithfield, London.

IN the dead of the night, wherwith labor oppreſs'd,
All mortals enjoy the ſweet bleſſing of reſt,
A boy knock'd at my door, I awoke with the noiſe,
Who is it, I ſaid, who is it that my reſt thus deſtroys?

He anſwered ſo ſoftly, ſo gently, ſo mild,
I am a poor little unfortunate child;
It's a cold rainy night, I am wet to the ſkin,
And I have loſt my way, ſo pray let me in.

In compaſſion I aroſe, and ſtriking a light,
I opened the door, when the boy ſtood in ſight;
He had wings on his ſhoulders, the rain from them it dripp'd,
And with his bow and arrows the boy was equipp'd.

I ſtirr'd up my fire, ſet him down by my ſide,
And with a warm napkin the wet from him dry'd,
I chafed him all over to keep out the cold air,
And I wrung with my hands the wet from his hair.

No ſooner from wet and from cold he found eaſe,
Than he to took up the bow, and ſaid, Madam, if you pleaſe,
I would fain with your leave by experiment know,
If the rain it has not damaged the ſtrings of my bow.

Then ſtraight from his quiver an arrow he drew,
Which he aim'd at my heart, and twang went the yew,
My bow is undamaged, ſaid he, and my dart,
And you will find much trouble in bearing the ſmart.